

you like the danger (but i can give you that) by ConvenientAlias

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Danger Kink, F/F, Illusions, Safe Sane and Consensual, Surreal sex

Language: English

Characters: Kali Prasad, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Kali Prasad/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-09

Updated: 2017-12-09

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:16:02

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,463

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“You should be a good girl,” Kali said. “You have a family, a home. Good grades. You take everything for granted, don’t you?” She put her hands on Nancy’s waist and turned her so that they were facing each other. “Why do you keep coming to a girl like me?”

Nancy’s pupils were dilated. “I like you.”

Kali smiled, slow and gentle. “No. That’s not why.” She leaned forward and very precisely kissed Nancy’s neck. “You like the danger.”

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There were a lot of things Kali had to get used to after she moved in with the Hopper family in Hawkins. First, school: Hopper wouldn't let her stay unless she attended high school, even though she wasn't totally sure how old she was and was far behind her age level. They created some bullshit records to let her in, and assured her they could keep the organization off her back. That was fine—she would run if she had to, as she was used to.

Second, the absence of her gang. That was harder. She'd left them behind in the city, telling them Jane needed her more. She would find them again someday and they knew where she was but their absence ached sometimes. She told herself she had a new family now and they would have to get along.

Third, safety. Though she was convinced hiding in plain sight would go way wrong it hadn't yet. Probably that was largely because she used a different name at school, wore less heavy makeup, blended in with the crowd. It shouldn't be this easy to go home to a rustic cabin every night, live without running or fighting. But she was getting used to it, which was almost frightening. What would she do about this newfound sense of security when she went back to hunting? Because this wouldn't last forever. Just until Jane was trained. But she liked it far too much.

Fourth, family. Although Kali kept her secrets from most she did not hide them from Jane's friends. So her past was known to many now, and for some reason they had all decided she was their friend now too. Four young boys, for one thing. It was nice to be around children again, and she was oddly touched by the fact that they considered her powers to be "awesome". Then there were Hopper and Joyce Byers, who had both sworn to keep her secret. She didn't know why these were the adults Jane trusted but since they were, she tried to trust them too. Then there were Jonathan Byers and Steve Harrington. She had never thought she would be friends with a couple of small-town boys. Jonathan seemed a little wary around her but nice enough. Steve acted a little protective and... mothering?...towards her, which was pretty odd. She found she was

fond of them as well.

And then there was Nancy Wheeler.

Nancy was the fifth thing Kali had to get used to. Because goddamn, she had never thought of herself as the kind of girl who went for good girls but apparently this was her type.

And apparently she was Nancy's too, because Kali rarely sought her out but Nancy just kept coming.

Today she showed up at the Hopper house with a bottle of sweet rum and a pack of cigarettes. Kali, who answered the door, raised her eyebrows. "If Hopper saw these he would throw a fit."

"Isn't he out?" Nancy smiled a little nervously.

Of course he was. He was always out all day, except on the occasional day off. "Yes. Jane's out too. I think she's with your brother." She beckoned Nancy in and shut the door behind her.

Nancy put the stuff down on the dining room table. "I brought you gifts."

"Where'd you get them? The liquor store would never think you're twenty-one." Nancy barely looked the eighteen she actually was.

Nancy shrugged. "Steve."

"Taking gifts from him still? That's a habit you need to break." Kali casually walked up behind Nancy and put an arm around her waist.

Nancy shivered. "Well, I paid for them."

"Good. You can't owe him anything." She planted a kiss on Nancy's jaw, right near her ear. "You've got to be a free woman."

"I thought you said I was yours last time."

Kali smiled. She pulled away from Nancy. "I did."

The rum wasn't really her style. She drank in the city because

everyone did, because Axel laughed at her when she didn't drink and Mick smiled approvingly when she did. Impressing girls was Kali's weakness. That used to mean doing whatever she could to keep Mick happy. Apparently Nancy had now taken Mick's place.

But Nancy liked it when Kali drank too, and especially when she smoked. So Kali cracked open the bottle and took a long chug before handing the bottle over to Nancy. "Good enough." Too sweet, really, but what the heck?

Nancy took a long swallow too and then put the bottle back down. Now she was flushed. Soon she would be ready to get down to business but she liked this, the little give-and-take they started with, the feeling of hanging out with a bad girl. Kali had never seen the appeal of forbidden pleasure but apparently Nancy did. For her that translated into drinking and smoking, probably what had originally attracted her to Steve and even Jonathan even though she had confessed to Kali now that she didn't really like guys. She liked doing what she wasn't supposed to. Well, she definitely wasn't supposed to do Kali, so it all worked out in Kali's advantage.

Kali could play that angle well.

She swirled the liquor in the rum bottle as if it were a glass of fine wine. "What would your mama say if she saw you drinking this shit?"

Nancy frowned a little, blushing. "Why do you always tease me?"

"You should be a good girl," Kali said. "You have a family, a home. Good grades. You take everything for granted, don't you?" She put her hands on Nancy's waist and turned her so that they were facing each other. "Why do you keep coming here, to a girl like me?"

Nancy's pupils were dilated. "I like you."

Kali smiled, slow and gentle. "No. That's not why." She leaned forward and very precisely kissed Nancy's neck. "You like the danger."

She bit down. It was just a soft bite, really, would barely bruise, but as she bit she amplified the pain slightly in Nancy's mind. Nancy

gasped. Kali squeezed her waist and looked up, met her eyes. Yes, she had her. “I can give you that.”

She let go of Nancy and walked to her bedroom. Nancy followed her at the brisk, schoolgirl pace she always used. Kali never told her to do anything—she wasn’t a leader here like she was in the city. But Nancy followed her on instinct, submitted on instinct. Kali wondered how far she could push that, if she wanted to. Nancy was a good girl. Her loyalty was quiet, firm, a little puppyish. Apparently she’d killed monsters in the past. Kali wondered how she would take it if Kali ever took her hunting.

But she let those thoughts drop away as she shut the door behind them and brought Nancy to the bed. Nancy liked risk to herself, she liked the rush. She didn’t like killing people. She thought of Kali as a safe risk so that was what this would be. It was good for Kali too. She hadn’t realized before coming here that she liked hurting people, liked scaring him. This was causing pain without causing pain, causing fear without causing fear, danger without danger. It had taken Kali a while to get used to it but when she was honest with herself, she needed it more than Nancy did. Nancy liked the thrill. Kali hungered for the power.

But she took it slow. She unbuttoned Nancy’s shirt at an efficient but unhurried pace. Noticing Nancy’s impatience, she let a small illusion rise, made her fingers seem like they had claws at the ends, always millimeters from scraping Nancy’s skin.

Good. That got Nancy’s heart beating.

Nancy shimmied out of her pants without help, leaving her in her underwear. Kali didn’t bother taking her own clothes off. Nancy liked the black jacket and the black jeans—a tank top really didn’t do the same things to a girl. And today, Kali was her fantasy. Not a nice fantasy either.

She did take off her shoes and socks. Then, kneeling on the bed, she said, “You know the word that will make it stop.”

Nancy nodded, biting her lip.

“Say it.”

“Jane.”

That was a word that could get through to Kali no matter how far gone she was. Kali nodded. “All right then.”

She considered how to start for a moment before taking a switchblade out of her pocket. This was real, the only real danger she would use. She flicked it open and pointed it at Nancy. “Good girl. You’re going to do what I say.”

Nancy nodded. She shifted away slightly. Kali took hold of her ankle. Didn’t pull it, just held it. She placed the knife against Nancy’s thigh. Let the blade rest there. “Take off your bra.”

Nancy’s fingers fumbled slightly as she took it off. It was a simple thing, white and plain. She made to toss it off the bed but Kali snapped her fingers and held out her hand. “Mine.”

“Yes,” Nancy said. Her voice was already a little hoarse.

Kali took the bra. She put it down next to her and considered Nancy’s breasts. Small for her age, really, but so pretty. Little pink nipples, nowhere near the color of Kali’s. Different. She tugged at Nancy’s ankle. “You scared of me? Come closer.”

Nancy came forward so that she was sitting on her knees, and her knees and Kali’s were touching. Kali smiled. She put her free hand on Nancy’s breast and felt the mound, its smooth warmth. She squeezed lightly. The nipple was hard. Good.

She lifted the knife and touched it lightly to Nancy’s flat little stomach. The girl was trembling now. “What do you think I could do to you?”

“Anything you wanted.”

Kali licked her lips. “And you’d let me do anything?”

“I can’t resist you.”

Kali put the knife back in her pocket. She cast the illusion again that her fingernails were claws. Smirking, she ran her hands down Nancy's sides so that her fingernails barely grazed skin. Nancy shivered. Kali cupped her face in her hands, claws and all. "That's right."

She kissed Nancy slow and steady, only biting her lip a little bit. Then she gripped Nancy's hair, hard, and pulled her head back. Turned her to face the side of the bed. "Look down."

And the game started.

The floor under the bed was gone. Instead, all through the room there was only a deep pit, maybe twenty feet down, cement-bottomed. The bed stood on tall, tall legs, high above the fall.

Nancy looked down, then back up.

"Down again," Kali said.

And now, in the darkness, spikes glistened. Knife sharp, metallic, staring up at them. Nancy gasped and tried to pull back but Kali held her there, near the edge of the bed, looking down over the precarious. She murmured in Nancy's ear, "You should make me happy."

And she yanked Nancy back to the center of the bed, shoving her back against the mattress. She put both her hands on Nancy's breasts. Her heartbeat was pounding now, faster than before. Kali slid her hands down her stomach to her groin, and then carefully into Nancy's underwear, over stubbly hair, down into the wetness.

She pulled the underwear down and off. This time she tossed it off the bed. Briefly she pulled Nancy over to see it land among the spikes, where it landed on one and remained impaled. Nancy shuddered. Kali rubbed her fingers against her labia and her entrance. Wet. Very wet. Welcoming.

As she stroked, she let Nancy see a spider creeping its way around the edge of the bed. It crawled over onto Kali's lap and then onto Nancy's stomach, onto her breasts, almost onto her neck. Nancy choked on a

breath.

“It won’t bite unless I tell it to,” Kali said. “Ssh.” The spider, weightless, climbed up Kali’s arm and disappeared.

Nancy was staring at her. Her breath came in gasps. As she seemed to be on edge, Kali pulled her closer to the edge of the bed, almost off it. Stroked her with one hand and with the other held her onto the edge of the bed, just balanced enough not to fall.

“Kali. Kali.” It was the first thing she’d said since the game started. She was shuddering. Her fists clenched blankets, holding on for dear life.

“I won’t drop you,” Kali said, “as long as you’re good for me.”

“Shit,” Nancy gasped. Her head jerked as she tried to keep an eye on the abyss and on Kali at the same time. “Don’t...Please...”

Kali loosened her grip a little, let Nancy almost tumble off the bed before yanking her back. “I won’t let you be hurt.” Then she smiled, all teeth. “Probably.”

And she lowered herself and sucked down on Nancy’s neck again in the same place as before, sucking just hard enough to hurt.

Nancy came with a gasp of *Kali*. She lost her grip on the bed and rolled a little too far over the edge. Kali tried to hold her but the balance was off, too off, and they both fell...

Fell on their butts on a straw-colored rug. Kali gripped Nancy’s head and stopped it from hitting the floor, but they both had the breath knocked out of them. Not that Nancy had much breath left anyways.

She relaxed on the floor, Kali half on top of her. “That was...”

Kali rolled off. Smiled as she saw the mark starting to form on Nancy’s neck—she would have to lie about who made it. “What?”

“Good. You’re good.”

Kali laughed. “No, I’m not.”

She stood. "You don't like good girls."

Nancy tried to get up before giving up, boneless. "The knife was real, wasn't it?"

Kali brought it out of her pocket again. "Does it look real?"

"Kali."

"That's my name." She took Nancy's hand and pulled her up. "Bed, or did you come here for a reason?"

"I did think I could help you with the homework. But, bed first?"

Kali smiled. They both laid down on the bed again, now relaxed and amiable. Kali was still aroused but she didn't usually make Nancy do anything about that. That wasn't the point, it wasn't how they liked it. Kali would take care of herself later, thinking about how this felt. These sessions, full of illusion, sometimes felt like the most real thing in her life.

Or, if they weren't, then the most real thing was the girl lying next to her, naked and unafraid even though she loved Kali's danger, knew what Kali could do. Nancy Wheeler. She was definitely something new, but Kali could get used to it.

Author's Note:

I wrote this fic for a prompt in the Annual Femslash Kinkmeme. The prompt was "Stranger Things: Kali/Nancy, danger kink." I'd never considered the ship before, or written a Stranger Things fic, but it sounded fun. So I hope you enjoyed. I actually really like this ship now and of course I've always loved Kali. :)

Comments and kudos are much appreciated.

Works inspired by this one:

- [live fast, die young \(the danger zone remix\)](#) by [darlingargents](#)